And cutte thy hede fro thy bodye
Right vnder thy hattes bonde.
For thou hast made oure maysters wroth.
He is fastinge so longe
Who is your master sayde the monke
Johñ sayde robyn hode.
He is a stronge theefe sayde the monke
Of hym herde I neuer gode.
Thou lyest than sayde lytell Johñ
And that shall rew the
He is a yoman of the forest.
To dyne he hath bode the
Much was redy with a bolte.
Rapely and anone.
He sette the monke on the byest
To the grounde that he can gone
Of two and fifty wight yomen.
There abode nat one.
Saue a litell page and agromte
[illegible]
[illegible]
Where he were loth or lefe
For to speke with robyn hode
Stondynge in theyr rethe.
Robyn dyd adowne his hode
The monke whan that he see
The monke was nat so curteys
His hode than let he be
He is a churle maister by dere worthy god.
Than sayde lytell Johñ
No force therof sayde robyn

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